Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet:*
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
I'le tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water cast away in waste,
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.
The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.
Rom: Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline.*

Frier:

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badst me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fr: Oh she knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one respect Ile thy assistant bee:
For this alliaunce may so happie proue,
To tyne your Houshold rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.
Mer: Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-* (*saline*)
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet*
Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will answere the letters master if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo?* why he is alreadie dead: stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is hea man to encounter *Tybalt?*
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt?*
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catso, he

 fights